[Ibuki Satsuki's Comic Collection]

Alt Title: 【伊吹五月条漫集】
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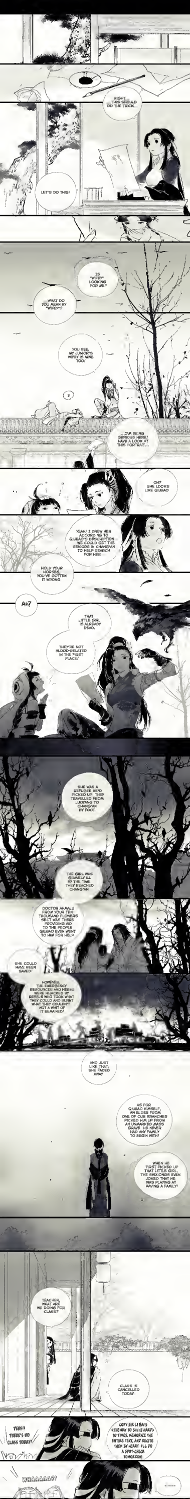
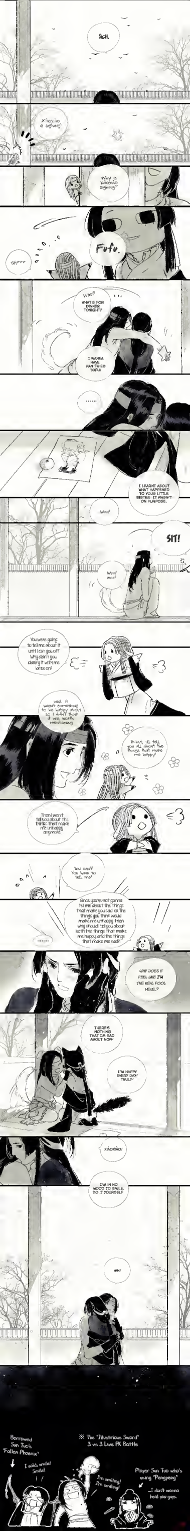
〈Artwork by 伊吹五月 (Ibuki Satsuki)〉


RIGHT, THIS SHOULD DO THE TRICK...
LET'S DO THIS!
IS "WIFEY" LOOKING FOR ME?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY "WIFEY"?
YOU SEE, MY JUNIOR'S WIFEY IS MINE TOO!
z
...I'M BEING SERIOUS HERE! HAVE A LOOK AT THIS PORTRAIT...
OH? SHE LOOKS LIKE QIUBAO
YEAH! I DREW HER ACCORDING TO QIUBAO'S DESCRIPTION WE COULD GET THE SENIORS IN CHANG'AN TO HELP SEARCH FOR HER
HOLD YOUR HORSES, YOU'VE GOTTEN IT WRONG
Ah?
THAT LITTLE GIRL IS ALREADY DEAD.
THEY'RE NOT BLOOD-RELATED IN THE FIRST PLACE!
SHE WAS A REFUGEE HE'D PICKED UP. THEY TRAVELLED FROM LUOYANG TO CHANG'AN BY FOOT.
THE GIRL WAS GRAVELY ILL BY THE TIME THEY REACHED CHANG'AN
DOCTOR AHMALU FROM YOUR TEN THOUSAND FLOWERS SECT WAS THERE PROVIDING AID TO THE PEOPLE. QIUBAO EVEN WENT TO HIM FOR HELP
SHE COULD HAVE BEEN SAVED!
HOWEVER, THE EMERGENCY RESOURCES AND HERBS WERE HIJACKED BY REBELS WHO TOOK WHAT THEY COULD AND BURNT WHAT THEY COULDN'T. NOT A WHIT OF IT REMAINED!
AND JUST LIKE THAT, SHE FADED AWAY
AS FOR QIUBAO HIMSELF, AN ELDER FROM ONE OF OUR BRANCHES PICKED HIM UP FROM AN UNMARKED MASS GRAVE. HE NEVER HAD ANY FAMILY TO BEGIN WITH!
WHEN HE FIRST PICKED UP THAT LITTLE GIRL, THE SHIXIONGS EVEN JOKED THAT HE WAS PLAYING AT HAVING A FAMILY!
TEACHER, WHAT ARE WE DOING FOR CLASS?
CLASS IS CANCELLED TODAY
YEAH!! THERE'S NO CLASS TODAY!
COPY SIR LI BAI'S <THE WAY TO SHU IS HARD> 10 TIMES, MEMORIZE THE ENTIRE TEXT, AND RECITE THEM BY HEART. I'LL DO A SPOT-CHECK TOMORROW
WHAAAAA?!
......


SIGH.
Xiaoxiao is sighing!
Why is Xiaoxiao sighing?
Fufu.
EH???
Woof! WHAT'S FOR DINNER TONIGHT?
I WANNA HAVE PAN FRIED TOFU!
……
I LEARNT ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR LITTLE SISTER. IT WASN'T ON PURPOSE.
Woof
SIT!
Woof woof
You were going to tell me about it until I cut you off. Why didn't you clarify it with me later on?
Well it wasn't something to be happy about so I didn't think it was worth mentioning
B-but, I'll tell you all about the things that make me happy!
Then I won't tell you about the things that make me unhappy anymore!
You can't! You have to tell me!
Since you're not gonna tell me about the things that make you sad or the things you think would make me unhappy then why should I tell you about both the things that make me happy and the things that make me sad?!
……
WHY DOES IT FEEL LIKE I'M THE REAL FOOL HERE..?
THERE'S NOTHING THAT I'M SAD ABOUT NOW!
I'M HAPPY EVERY DAY! TRULY!
XIAOXIAO!
I'M IN NO MOOD TO SMILE. DO IT YOURSELF
MN!
※ The "Illustrious Sword" 3 vs 3 Live PK Battle
Borrowed Sun Tuo's "Fallen Phoenix"
I said, smile! Smile!
I'm smiling! I'm smiling!
Player Sun Tuo who's using "Pengpeng"
...I don't wanna heal you guys.

Translator's Notes

YEAH!! THERE'S NO CLASS TODAY!
COPY SIR LI BAI'S <THE WAY TO SHU IS HARD> 10 TIMES, MEMORIZE THE ENTIRE TEXT, AND RECITE THEM BY HEART. I'LL DO A SPOT-CHECK TOMORROW.

Li Bai(李白)

"Immortal Poet" Li Bai (701-762) was a Chinese poet who was and still is one of the Greatest Poets of the Tang Dynasty (or even China). His poems are known for their striking Daoist imagery, romantic prose, rich Imagination and vivid metaphors. He was 54 when the An Lushan Rebellion occured, and he lived for 7 more years afterwards. Approximately 1,100 of his poems remain today.

Translation for "The Way To Shu* Is Hard" by Paul W. Kroll:

*Shu(蜀) is the name of one of the ancient kingdoms in southwest China (in the area of what is now Sichuan Province)

The Way to Shu Is Hard(蜀道难)

Yeee—hooo—syee! How *perilous* ! So *high* !
Hardships of the way to Shu—
much harder than climbing the blue sky!
Cancong it was, and also Yufu,
Who founded this state in the oh so dim past,
Thence were four myriad, eight thousand more years
Till its homefires were joined up with the Qin frontier
Facing west then from Mount Taibo was a pathway but for birds,
By means of which one could cut across to the summit of Emei
There the land crumbled, a mountain collapsed, stalwart men died,
Only after came
Sky-strung ladders, edgeways of stone, to clinch the link at last
And above is
The high bough where the six dragons reversed the sun's course,
And below,
A backflow of waters where waves crashing swirl and recoil
Even the flight of the yellow crane cannot push on beyond this place,
Long-armed monkeys who wish to cross over fear to swing up here
Twisted so and tortuous is the Blue Mud Pass—
Nine turnings for every hundred paces to wind round the rugged crest
Grab onto Triaster! Pass through the Well! Look up and gasp in alarm!
Hold your hand against your panting chest—sit down, catch your breath

I ask you, sir, as you travel west, when is it you'll come back?
One dreads the craggy steeps of the route, impossible to scale
There you'll see only disheartened birds, calling in age-old trees,
The male takes wing, trailing his mate, circling amidst the grove
And too, you'll hear the cuckoo's crying—
In the moonlight, sorrowing in empty hills
The hardships of the way to Shu—
much harder than climbing the blue sky
It will waste the ruddy features of all who hear of it!
[stanza break]

There linked peaks lie distant from the sky by no more than a foot,
Where withered pines hang head-downward against sheer walls

And airborne billows, currents of spray, clash in a deafening din,
Pounded banks, hurtling rocks, thunder through ten-thousand straths
The cramped hazards of it are just as I say,
Oh! you,
who are on such a distant road, why ever did you come this way?
Loftily lifted, Sword Gallery, so towering and tall—
With one man at its barrier,
Ten thousand cannot force through
If that guard be any but one of our kin,
He is just as well changed into wolf or dhole

At morning beware of fell tigers,
At night beware of long snakes
Their whetted teeth will suck your blood,
They crop people like rows of hemp
And though the Brocade City is said to be so pleasing,
Better it is to turn back home as quickly as you can
The hardships of the way to Shu—
much harder than climbing the blue sky !
Turned to the side, I gaze off to the west, sighing long, alas! oh no!

*Artwork By
Isuki Satsuki

MOAR!
Reader #2
Staff
Reader #1
Reader #3

WE'D LOVE TO CHURN OUT MORE CHAPTERS TOO, BUT NO MANPOWER= NO RELEASES.

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